

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Wind and the Leaves

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me play
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer has gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

"Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long,
Pretty brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say your are sorry to see us go,
Oh! you will miss us right well, we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade—
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went,
Winter had called them and they were content.

Soon fast asleep in their earthly beds,
The snow laid a soft mantle over their heads.

—Unidentified.

CONCERNING A MOTOR RIDE.

The day was ideal—clear, cloudless and cool. Frank was possessed of a fine Willys-Knight, six-cylinder upholstered sedan. Will was the happy landgrave of a few broad acres—no, they are steep ones, amid the rocks and rills and woods and templed hills of Rip Van Winkle's kingdom, wherein stands a cozy, little cottage. A week-end outing was the outcome of this combination, and a test trip was to be made that Saturday the 16th. While not quite clear what Lux said—whether it was beauty or brains or ballast that the car needed, anyhow, Joey and Alec were invited to come along.

Joey is known outside her intimate circle as the queenly Mrs. J. H. McClusky, and Alec graces the social register as the austere Miss Alice Annalda Judge.

The start was made from Fanwood at nine o'clock, and thereafter hourly observations were to be recorded as to location and mileage covered, so that present and future generations could, for guidance, refer to this historic ride.

Along the newly completed part of Riverside Drive above 162d Street, the car sailed onward, Lux remarking that the roadbed was a dream. Soon came Yonkers, 80,000 population, better known as the bailiwick of Squire Beuermann; one of the many successful graduates from the JOURNAL office a generation ago, who made his mark in life, and in due course of time, acquired a charming wife, two husky sons and a lively grandson. Grandad Ben also owns the fine eight-room cottage in which they reside, and recently bought a regally-appointed Buick coach—oh, yes, Beatrice is the pretty, dark-eyed daughter who runs it.

Progress was necessarily slow through the towns that came after, because of the 20-mile limit to speed, thus 10 o'clock found the party in Tarrytown, with 19 miles covered. Fine estates, in beautiful settings of lawns and trees predominated. At eleven o'clock, the score stood as 43 miles, approaching Bear Mountain bridge, having passed through Ossining, and as none of the gang had any relatives there, no stop was made at the Sing Sing hotel. Peekskill was also left behind, as was the bridge; Lux taking a course due east by northeast along a splendid roadway skirting Mt. Beacon, where he could hit it at 50 miles per hour in spots.

So at twelve o'clock Wappingers Falls greeted him, and ten minutes later the car was anchored under the welcoming portico of the Gallaudet Home, with sixty-six miles to its credit. The inmates were overjoyed at the surprise visit, and all but insisted it be prolonged the whole afternoon. Such visits bring sunshine to the old folks at the Home, and all who can, should always stop there. Enjoyed hot coffee and real cream from the Home dairy with our lunch, and after good-byes to all, the W-Knight sailed forth again at 1:15 P.M. A little ways down, a detour was made to visit familiar scenes of happy days—none other than Locust Hall Farm, erstwhile owned by one Murray Campbell, the D'Artagnan of his time; with Beadell, Kent and

Stern for Athos, Porthos and Aramis; and a legion of scapgegraces like Marcus Kenner, et al., as the King's Musketeers. There was no Queen's Necklace to retrieve in those days, but the stuff Scotty brought back from his crusades into town and poured, drop by drop, into our midget glasses were Pearls Without Price, now that the 18th Amendment is clamped upon the land.

Therefore, a word or two about the place, as it is at present, will interest that gang of buccaneers and their lady-loves, who used to swoop down there on fortnightly week-ends to waste more of the Scotchman's time, showing him how not to farm, than what their own combined time was worth. The original parties who had purchased Locust Hall from our dynamic deaf farmer were not there, having in turn sold out two years previously.

The house itself is practically unchanged, looking ultra-dignified in the shade of the tall and stately elm trees. The same front steps are there, as when Mabel Johns fell down them and tore her size 8½ silk hose.

The same portecochere is at the rear, in spite of the repeated attempts to demolish it by Bert Forse with his unmanageable car—Bert never was happy unless he had a car he could not control; at least, in those days. The section across the road, where all blistered their hands, hoeing the asparagus field or scratched their faces in the berry patch, is on sale for bungalow plots. The stone walls on both sides of the road have been removed, but are still there in another form, being used to make the concrete roadway. These same walls were just the thing to get behind and peat each other with Scotty's prize turnips, to his un-hallowed delight, for all hands to find out later that along them grew the choicest crop of poison ivy in Dutchess County.

Yonder, over a long stretch of greensward was seen the Wappinger Creek, still flowing placidly by as of yore, reminiscent of many "water carnivals," when no one was safe in the canoe, whether dressed or not; where William tried to dive down into China but came back with a dented scalp; where Haberstroh tried to swim under water and got stuck in the mud hole. Mud baths were not the fad then. Could almost visualize the gorgeous setting of the mountain scenery, resplendent in the richly variegated colorings of the autumn leaves, accentuated in splendor by the golden rays of the setting sun. All hands got down to the more prosaic business of preparing for the night. So Frank and Will (not Jack and Jill) went down the hill to fetch a tub of water, while Judy foraged around for sufficient blankets and pillows. Joey captured the more interesting task of preparing the evening coffee. Amid country settings and smell of wood fire, the party sat down to a plentiful repast of hamburger balls and onions—beg pardon, Joey, ah! yes, it was porterhouse steak we had, with truffles and mushroom sauce, salad d' Waldorf and pie la meringue. "A good time was had by all" the rest of the evening, playing 500 and with the dandelion dew. The large, drum stove was an excellent substitute for an open fireplace, and while Joey burned most of her fingers and half the thumb keeping the fire at roaring pitch, Alec entertained the gathering with a bed-time story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

Lux put his foot on the accelerator and Vassar College soon passed by, through Poughkeepsie he steered, and pulled up at the ferry by two o'clock—82 miles thus far. He got a place well in front of the boat, and at this juncture the long, swift Day Line steamer, "Robert Fulton," came to her dock, which bottled up the ferry slip. Meanwhile Lux, being an admirer of beauty, took in the graceful lines of a fine Percheron nearby; Will, of more scientific aspect, was watching a puffing freight train high up on the Poughkeepsie bridge. Alec had her head inclined heavenward, more advantageously to show off her beautifully retroussé nose; Joey, the most observant of all, noted that at this spot, in the radius of our vision were all the modes of transportation known to man—by airway, railroad, steamer, ferryboat, motor car, horse, and one's pedal extremities.

Fifteen minutes were lost in crossing the Hudson River. The western side, however, is more sparsely settled, with towns further apart, and the state road in first-class condition. The car fairly flew at 45 per hour, through the fruit belt, displaying great orchards of trees heavily loaded with red apples, not yet picked.

"Isn't the scenery lovely," asked Joey. "Oh, applesauce," answered Alec, who did not like the looks of the speedometer. Twenty-miles were tucked away in the three-quarters hour, and three o'clock found Lux purring through Kingston at legal speed, and after that came the last leg of the journey. Here a noticeable change in the air comes into being as the road has been gradually running to an upper incline and is now approaching the Catskill Mountains.

A short stop at Saugerties was next in order—with familiar stores and faces on it's Main Street, to be warmly greeted by Timothy, the grocer's clerk, and Alexander, the butcher next door, who had our patronage last summer. Purchases completed, the gasoline chariot was again on its way, and twenty minutes later arrived at the little mountain hamlet, stopping at its destination by 4 o'clock, having covered 124 miles on the trip. Mr. David Myer, honest and thoughtful farmer, anticipating the coming of the crew by having a pile of firewood ready, David, the jewel of a hired man, knowing how to touch the right spot of one's heart, brought up four bottles of liquid essentials for a successful visit. The first contained clear Sconey distillate, which produces heat for cooking and light to see. The second had white, opaque sustenance of Friesian-Holstein label, in which to drown the morning cereal. The third was the amber dripping of crushed apples, sweet and tangy.* The fourth sported Bacchante water from boiled dandelion blossoms, and what commanding potency! One quaff, and the earth became mellow. A second and one was floating on a fleecy cloud, while a third made even the straight and prim Susan Elderberry, head of the West Saugerties Seminary, forget herself for once and cut up capers.

There was not much time to admire the gorgeous setting of the mountain scenery, resplendent in the richly variegated colorings of the autumn leaves, accentuated in splendor by the golden rays of the setting sun. All hands got down to the more prosaic business of preparing for the night. So Frank and Will (not Jack and Jill) went down the hill to fetch a tub of water, while Judy foraged around for sufficient blankets and pillows. Joey captured the more interesting task of preparing the evening coffee. Amid country settings and smell of wood fire, the party sat down to a plentiful repast of hamburger balls and onions—beg pardon, Joey, ah! yes, it was porterhouse steak we had, with truffles and mushroom sauce, salad d' Waldorf and pie la meringue. "A good time was had by all" the rest of the evening, playing 500 and with the dandelion dew. The large, drum stove was an excellent substitute for an open fireplace, and while Joey burned most of her fingers and half the thumb keeping the fire at roaring pitch, Alec entertained the gathering with a bed-time story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

Came the dawn, as they say in the movies, and with it plenty of rain, which was not welcome. But the loquaciousness of Willie merely smiled over his breakfast eggs and considered it a godsend. Forsooth, he had discovered that the pipe connections between stove and chimney were not in place outside the cottage, and it was probably only the wetness that saved all from being rudely awakened to find the place on fire. By ten o'clock the weather had cleared. Loaded with apples, pears and grapes and after dining down the hill at mine host, Noga's, who sped the parting guests with some nectar of the gods, the party left West Saugerties at 12:40 with butterflies buzzing in their ears. At one o'clock six miles were gone, placing the car at Veteran (just outside Saugerties proper), thence the

same route was used as day before, only fewer cars were out, allowing speed to be the main factor. Two o'clock we had reeled off 34 miles and nearing Highlands. From there a new direction was taken, leading through crowded Newburg and into Cornwall, which was reached at three o'clock, with 59 miles to the good.

At this place it appeared that the whole corps of Fanwood cadets, in their neat gray uniforms, were riding around in motor cars, till we learned that the New York Military Academy was nearby, and soon came into view. From Cornwall, Lux steered for the Storm King highway, a wonderful stretch of solid rock on the steep sides of mountains along the Hudson, high up above the river. Here the sublime grandeur of the vista up and down the waterway beggars description. At this juncture, along came our friend of the yesterday to add an element of the trip. It was the Robert Fulton, on its last trip of the season, and which Lux paced for about twenty miles until lost to view at Bear Mountain. Eighty-five miles had gone by at four o'clock and our position was just outside Haverstraw, famed as the birthplace of Edna Bennett, reigning belle of her time and where she held sway until her name was changed to Mrs. Osmond Loew.

Going at the merry clip of 45 miles an hour, the upraised arm of a man in blue brought Lux to a sudden stop and the hand of the law fell upon us. He was a typical country cop, tall, heavily-built and gawky. Sauntering slowly over to the car, jaws working fast and without looking in, continued so until his vocabulary was apparently exhausted. Joey, who was reading her hymn-book at that time, happened to see a verse on the open page, which was Joshua 2, chapter vii, verse xiii, saying "For verily, speech is silver, but silence is golden," and advised us to peer it. Thus, when brass buttons peered in to see why there were no protestations forthcoming, he found a stillness like unto that of Tutankhamen's tomb. Glowering at Lux, again the jaws worked, but Lux blandly stuck his thumb into his ear and wiggled the rest of the digits. Alec was next, and Alec did likewise. Then Joey's turn and in the excitement, nearly thumbed her nose instead. Willyum added emphasis by using both thumbs and ears. Our copie was stumped. Even when given a pad and pencil, he fumbled with it, seemingly unable to give coherence to his scattered thoughts. Plainly he was embarrassed and the laugh was upon him; but he soon became equal to the occasion and resorted to signs and two simple numerals. Writing 50, he shook his finger reprovingly, and then showed them the summons blanks, with a meaning nod of head. Next, 20 and a downward motion of the hand. Then, standing aloof in all his dignity and with a magnificent swing of the arm, he gave Lux the air.

In Alpine, N. J., which is opposite Yonkers, 100,000 population, was the town honored with over presence at 5 o'clock and registered 106 miles from the starting point. Intending to cross the river there, it was found that the road also ran along the face of the Palisades for five miles to Dyckman Street ferry, where a boat was in waiting. In midstream along came none other than Robbie Fulton to greet us once more. Fifteen minutes after docking (with 114 miles at ten of six o'clock), the car again rolled up at dear old Fanwood, into the wide-open welcoming arms of sweet Agnes Craig. But she being somewhat diminutive, the arms could only encompass Joey and Alex, so Frank and Will had to stand in the cold and await their turn—which never came.

W. A. R.

LOS ANGELES, CAL

Union services for deaf-mutes every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, conducted by Prof. J. A. Kennedy, at First Congregational Church, Hope and Ninth Streets. Entrance up the incline to north side door and upstairs to the Orchestra Room. Open to all denominations. Visiting deaf-mutes cordially welcome.

The Capital City.

Washington is a progressive city, as is proven by the fact that it now has a pedestrian control act. This act gives the police the power to halt to court any one trying to beat the lights." When traffic moves one way, so must the people at all policed or signal-light controlled intersections. This is a safe and sane act, speeding up traffic considerably and reducing accidents to a great extent. When we come to signal-light controlled intersections to many of us these varied color lights, three in number, often set us to wonder what they mean. To all who have not yet discovered their meaning, the following information may help to enlighten. When you see Red, that means Stop. Yellow means look around and get ready. Green means Go. When we come to an intersection, the best thing to do is to Stop, Look and Think, since we deaf cannot use our ears to help us along.

Wednesday, October 20th, saw the Literary Society hold its first literary meeting of this year.

The program consisted of a talk upon "Railroads," by W. E. Marshall, and a recitation, "The Harvest Moon," by Nora Nanney. The talk delivered by W. E. Marshall was a very interesting one—telling about the beginning of the railroads, and quite a few experiences of railroad men which Mr. Marshall "hears" during his daily work. (Note, he works for the Southern Railroad in their Washington office.) The recitation was very good. The officers of the Literary Society for this year are: Wallace Edington, President; Mrs. Roy Stewart, Vice-President; Jennie Jones, Secretary; Simon B. Alley, Treasurer; Walter Hauser, Sergeant-at-Arms. The officers plan a big year in the way of literary programs, and anyone failing to join will surely be out of more than just the price of becoming a member.

Quite a few of Washington's deaf-dom were amongst the crowds that saw Queen Marie arrive at the Union Station.

The number of automobile owners in Washington is still growing. Witness the new Buick touring car Maurice Kliendiest is sporting around in, and the new Dodge sedan carrying John Flood and family. John is one of those few "perfect husbands," because he allows his wife to do the driving. His daughter is also learning to drive their car. What next?

Mr. Elmore E. Bernsdorff has been laid up for several weeks with spinal trouble. Went to work the other day for the first time in two months—of course, he felt tired after the day's work—who would?

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wood was christened, Sunday morning, at St. Barnabas Mission.

Rev. Henry J. Pulver officiated, christening her Estelle May.

The godparents were Miss Cora Philips, Mrs. Henry J. Pulver and Mr. Peter Stewart. Good luck, Estelle.

The next social will be a supper,

given by the N. F. S. D., Washington Division No. 46, at the North East Masonic Temple, Eighth and F Street, North East, Saturday evening, November 13th. Don't get superstitious about the date, for it will mean bad luck to those who do not attend. The committee in charge are Messrs. Werdig and Courtney and Misses Jones and Leitch. These names alone ought to be attraction enough to attend. Bring your hearing friends, we need their presence as well as their financial aid.

H. Martin, who reports that his parents are ill in Burlington, Wis., is a sales manager for the Badger Sales Co. Leonard F. Weiss is a field manager for the same company, with a crew of deaf-mutes.

Mr. and Mrs. Kuzuba tendered a farewell party in honor of Mrs. George Soeller, on Oct. 9th. There were twelve people present. Mrs. Soeller's home is in Van Dyke, Wis.

Lest you forget, the writer wishes to remind you of a happy coincidence, which is to fall on the same day—November twenty-fifth—which is Thanksgiving Day and also the birthday of the venerable Abbe Charles Michel De L'Epee, the immortal founder of the deaf-mute sign language, which was brought to America by Thomas H. Gallaudet, and for which we have reasons to be grateful.

John Lewis has bought a new Essex coach; Ralph Javorsky, a new Ford touring car; and Stevens Milinski, a new Chevrolet coach. To be without a car is as pitiable as

Milwaukee News

to be without any dough for those lonely hearts who want to make a hit with some nice gal.

Mr. Thomas F. Murray was so very anxious to leave for warmer climates, but he consented to remain here a few days more, in order to be able to see all at our October meeting, instead of bidding fare-well to a mere handful that might come down to the club some evening. After being the life of the party for the evening, he said, on the morning of his departure, that he was sorry to leave and he looked it, but an Irishman can withhold his tears as bravely as our genial friend Tommy. We hope it will not be so blue for him in the land of the bathing beauties.

Mrs. Frances Fahl left for Florida to see her sister.

Will anyone think a little of Pat O'Brien on Thanksgiving Day, and remember the times he treated a few of us merrily?

Perhaps there will be a game between Pio-Nono College and the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, at St. Francis, Wis., on Thanksgiving Day. In the evening, the boys will be entertained at the club.

Mr. William Schollmeir spent his birthday quietly at his home for the rest of the evening of October 20th, because his friend, Thomas F. Murray, had spread the news of the birthday, so that our Willie preferred seclusion till it was over.

A surprise birthday party was given on October 17th, in honor of Leon Bongey. The guests were: Miles, Helen Heinrich, Mary Frolich, Eleanor Wozniak, Helen Wiczynska, Annie Seybold, Mmes. and Messers. W. Hackett, M. Drews, E. Maertz, O. Meyers, Mrs. Winona Maertz and Messers. W. O. Dow, George Thielman, Oscar Johnson, Merle Hook, Jack Hathaway, Walter Tieges, Lester Bongey, John Kurry, and Mrs. Leon Bongay. A beautiful smokerman was one of the things presented to Leon.

LEONARD F. WEISS.

BISHOP OF MARYLAND

Rev. O. J. Whilden, General Missionary, 605 Wilson Avenue, Roland Park, Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave., and Monument St.

SERVICES.
First Sunday, Holy Communion and Service, 3:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Service, 3:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Anti-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Anti-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 4, 1926

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions, and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us.
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

ACCORDING to the daily newspapers, Miss Chrissi Kyriakides, eighteen years old, has come to this country to "learn the sign language" in order to teach deaf-mutes. One of the peculiar statements made by the newspapers is that she will "devote two years of her life to the study of the deaf and dumb sign language as taught in the Clark School at Northampton, Mass."

Of all the institutions for the deaf, the last place to go to learn the sign language is the Clark School at Northampton. The teachers know absolutely nothing about either the manual alphabet or signs. In fact, there have been teachers at that school who openly boasted of their ignorance along these lines. They are all pure-oral teachers—most of them ultra-oral in their leaning.

The Greek girl is reported to have said she "has always wanted to do something for the poor unfortunate in Greece, who are doubly unfortunate because Greece has only one school for them. There is only one teacher of the sign language in all of Greece, and only thirty students can attend the school.

"When I return to Athens, I will teach other girls the sign language."

A GREAT NUMBER of the deaf knew Dr. Albert C. Hill, through his visits of inspection at schools for the Deaf in New York State. He was head of the Special Schools Bureau of the New York State Department of Education for over twenty years. He was often in the classrooms of deaf children, keenly observing the methods used by the teachers. He was a good, square, honest inspector, and treated the deaf children kindly.

His smiling countenance will readily be recalled, and much regret felt among the deaf that he has passed away. He died on October 23d, 1926, at his home in Albany.

Dr. Hill retired from office about two years ago, apparently in good health. The Albany newspapers have this to say of him: "He was a deep student, an earnest and loyal official, and devoted to his special profession. He has contributed much to education and this will prove to be his best monument. Personally a man of many admirable qualities of mind and heart, he easily made friends and then held them by the power of his magnetic personality. The cause of education has lost a very important worker."

Notice to Correspondents.

ELECTION DAY being a holiday, necessitates postponement of late news letters. It falls on the day that the JOURNAL invariably goes to press—Tuesday afternoon.

A great many writers and subscribers seem to think publication day is the same as press day. The JOURNAL is in the post office every Wednesday. To accomplish this the paper must be printed, folded, wrapped and placed in mail bags in classified bundles required by the post office regulations.

Therefore, to get the JOURNAL on the day that it is dated or next day (according to distances), requires the closing of the type forms by noon Tuesday, so that the rest of the day can be devoted to the work preliminary to placing it in the post office.

Every week that contains a public holiday, news letters should arrive a day earlier to insure speedy publication.

OMAHA

The many friends of Rev. Dr. Jas. H. Cloud in Omaha and vicinity were saddened by the news of his death. His services at all Souls' Mission have been greatly missed since he severed his connection here last June. He was a man of high ideals and ranked among the best deaf educators. He was active in church work, the N. F. S. D., and the N. A. D., and always ready to give a helping hand to those in trouble. We shall greatly miss his kind and gentle ways and cheerful, smiling face. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved family in their untimely loss. Dr. J. Schuyler Long and Edwin Hazel took advantage of an \$8.00 excursion and went down to attend the funeral.

If any one is enthusiastic over the E. M. G. Fund, it is the 1926 graduating Class of the Iowa School. By selling candy, etc., the class raised over \$12 and presented it to the mid-west chapter for the E. M. G. Fund and at the last meeting of the chapter it was voted to send them a letter of thanks and appreciation.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wear, who moved to Wisconsin several years ago, came back to Omaha last July and are living at 5211 William Street. Mr. Wear has a good position with the Overland Tire Factory here.

Omaha Division, No. 32, held a Hallowe'en party Saturday night, the 23d, at a hall at 26th and Leavenworth streets. There was a large crowd. The lights were rather dim and huge Jack O'lanterns stood in two opposite corners of the room. Several Hallowe'en stunts caused a lot of amusement. Scott Cusacken as the "witch" caused several to tell hard luck stories on emerging from the witch's abode with faces painted, eyes blackened and clothes rumpled or turned wrong side out. There was a tub of water with many floating Jonathan Beauty, the guests grabbing them with their teeth and carrying them off. A small pumpkin was on display. Last was the old-time question and answer game, many of which were amusing and others ridiculous. Mrs. Ernest Cowley and Mr. Tegarden were chosen judges to decide which answer came nearest to answering the question. Miss Viola Zelch was awarded first prize—a box of stationery. Bernard Teitelbaum won the consolation prize—Hallowe'en rattle.

Eighteen dollars were gathered in at this social. At the close, John L. Friend announced that there would be a "Boosters' Nite" in December, when all part payments of pledges should be made him, as local treasurer, and he would forward same to the "main traffic."

A bazaar was also announced for Saturday evening, November 16th, with Mrs. F. A. Leitner as chairman, assisted by Walter Zelch and Vincent Dunn. Come and help make this a record-breaking success.

Mrs. Ernest Cowley, of New Castle, who turned up at the above social, was spending a week with her father-in-law in the city. It is years since Mr. Cowley has been seen on these premises. There being no one to leave it in charge, he finds it hard to break away from his large farm.

These drear, drizzly October days, mean nothing to the Walter Bosworths. It has been all sunshine in their home since October 15th, when Dr. Stork made his first visit, leaving a gift—a baby girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Heyden A. Birmingham, of Akron, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John McIntyre, of Altoona, for a couple of days during their recent two weeks' vacation trip. They surprised the Richmans by calling on them. It was their first meeting in twelve years.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bloom, of Cheswick, Pa., were given a scare, then a pleasant surprise, October 24th, when members of the Ladies' Aid Society of Trinity, aided by two of the stronger sex, took their house by storm and showered wedding gifts on them. Mrs. Bloom was Margaret Kientz before her marriage. Those present at the shower were: Mr. and Mrs. George Blackhall, Mrs. W. J. Gibson, Mrs. Jacob Hess, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leitner, Miss Margaret Davis and Mrs. Walter Zelch.

Rev. Franklin C. Smielau made his monthly visit to this city Sunday, October 24th. As usual a large crowd was in attendance at Trinity chapel, for there are many who never miss his services, which are always entertaining and instructive. For his subject he chose "Some aspects of human nature." He gave the reason why the passing of Rudolph Valentino was mourned by thousands, far more than that of Dr. Elliott as the paper indicated.

What most people want nowadays is to be entertained and in Valentino they found gratification of their desires.

Mrs. James R. Jelinek, who took a few weeks leave of absence from the Pantorium, spent a couple weeks visiting Mr. Jelinek's folks in Plattsburgh. In the meantime, Mr. Jelinek stayed with Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Long.

During the summer, Mrs. E. C. Holloway and Mrs. C. E. Comp took advantage of an excursion rate to St Louis, and visited Miss Anna Roper and other friends.

HAL and MEL.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,
Mountainsburg,
Star Route.

PITTSBURGH.

The social held at McGeagh Hall, October 9th, and sponsored by the local P. S. A. D., was an interesting event, about sixty-five attending. Lunch boxes were disposed of to the highest bidders and prizes given to winners of games, the most interesting of which was a doll guessing contest.

In compliance with Mrs. Chas. Reed's request, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge mailed a package containing a doll, with a given name on a folded paper concealed in the doll's dress, for the entertainment at this social.

Enza Ludovico was the only one to guess the right name, which was Ruth. Wonder if Mrs. Coolidge had Babe Ruth in mind when she gave the doll the name; as that is how Ludovico won the prize.

A young man getting a doll for a prize, ha! ha! but you may be sure Lud includes it among his precious possessions. It came from the President's wife. It is gratifying to know that Mrs. Coolidge still reserves a cozy corner in her heart for the deaf. As is known, she formerly taught at a deaf school.

Mrs. Chas Reed and Mrs. Walter Zelch introduced an adjective guessing game. Both draped in a sheet, came in separately, walking back and forth across the room, directing the movements of their feet in the shape of letters making up an adjective. The adjective had three syllables. Mrs. Reed started with the first, Mrs. Zelch supplied the second, Mrs. Reed finishing the last.

Attracted more by facial expressions and waving arms, and not knowing the problem was to be solved in the movements of the feet, no one was able to make anything out of it. The adjective was INNOCENT. If the two ladies had let it be known before the performance that the guessing was to be done by watching their feet, the solution might not have been difficult. The fun in it was in putting something over on us.

Last was the old-time question and answer game, many of which were amusing and others ridiculous. Mrs. Ernest Cowley and Mr. Tegarden were chosen judges to decide which answer came nearest to answering the question. Miss Viola Zelch was awarded first prize—a box of stationery. Bernard Teitelbaum won the consolation prize—Hallowe'en rattle.

Refreshments were sold by attendants in white Hoover aprons and caps. This netted a large profit.

From time to time, we will let our readers know how the "infanta" is growing and its objects in life. The club will be open Saturdays and Sundays—for the present.

Spakers don't make a dinner a success. One of the nicest affairs you can attend is a deaf and dumb banquet."

Evidently, whoever wrote this never never attended a deaf banquet.

Mr. John Crough is surely having his share of ill luck. We hope the thief is finally caught, who took his new car.

The D. A. D. had a business meeting concerning renting a new hall.

Ed. Meloche, after a visit to Canada, has secured a job at the Buick.

William Ryan, age thirty-three, a well-known ex-pugilist, and a pupil of

the Flint State School, passed away September 23d, after a long illness with cancer, at St. Mary's hospital. Messrs. Rheiner, Clyweski, Reidine, Wurstwelt acted as pallbearers. The casket was entirely covered with sprays and wreaths.

Mrs. Frank Smith, of Ypsilanti, recently spent a few days with Mrs. M. Behrendt.

Miss Lena Yack has been visiting her brother in Perth, Canada.

Detroit Association of the Deaf celebrated its tenth birthday, Saturday, October 16th, with a good crowd to see the dancing girls and enjoy the games and refreshments. Mr. Goldstick was the chairman.

Mr. Gromach, of Portland, Oregon, visited a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Spence, of Ypsilanti.

Miss Mae Greenan, of Ann Arbor, was in Detroit, on the 16th, and called on her brother and at the Frat Club to meet old friends.

Mrs. Wiley Kear, of Flint, gave a stork shower to Mrs. Robert Baird, at the home of Mrs. George Davies, on the 10th. Seventeen ladies came and left some very useful and pretty gifts.

William A. Ramspeach, age 73, died on the 18th, at the U. of M. Hospital, where he had gone for treatment. The funeral took place on the twenty-first at his residence, 2767 2d Street. He left his wife, Mary A., and three sons to mourn his departure. The numerous beautiful floral tributes showed how highly he was liked. To the widow and sons, Detroit extends sympathy.

On the 16th, a Box and Pie Social was given by the Frat Club. Mrs. Abbie Koehler won first prize for the most beautiful box.

Mr. John Deastman ordered a large

spice cake made, lettered with "Detroit Fraternal Club of the Deaf." It was bid off at \$12.00. On pumpkin pie was so good, it sold for \$1.05. About one hundred were presented, not counting kiddies. The evening brought in \$60.

Our canning season is over and we hope to be able to get out and glean a little more news next week.

Mrs. M. L. BEHRENDT.

DETROIT.

Prize Masquerade Ball, Saturday, November 13th, I. O. O. F. Temple, by the Michigan Association of the Deaf.

Miss Edith Ely, of Olivet, stopped over in Detroit as the guest of Mrs. Peter Hellers, and enjoyed renewing old acquaintances at the Frat Club. She was on her way to Cincinnati, where she will spend the winter with her sister.

Rev. R. E. Charles, assistant rector of St. John's Church, gave communion to about fifty deaf communicants on the 10th. Mrs. Grace Davies interpreted for him. His sermon was on the three services of the church and the need of coming to the communion service. The others could be done at home.

The rumors of a Frat Club were true, a hall was rented and a meeting was held October 2d, and the following officers were elected: President, Peter N. Hellers; Vice-President, Geo. Davies; Second Vice-President, W. Greenbaum; Secretary, Thomas Hemey; Treasurer, Rudolph Kuhn; Board of Trustees, A. Japes, A. Baird, and E. Drake.

Then came the invite to the christening of the new club:—"You are cordially invited to attend the grand opening of the Detroit Fraternal Club of the Deaf, 2254 Vermont Avenue, Southeast corner Michigan (Third Floor), Saturday evening, October 19th, 1926, at 7:30 p.m."

The room was very tastily decorated with red, white and blue streamers and red dahlias and asters. Each guest was given a boutonniere and a glass of punch. Mr. Hellers told of the club's short life. Past Grand President Bristol, of Flint, made an address likening the club and the thirteen colonies. Mr. Kenney read greetings from Grand Secretary Gibson, of Chicago, and Mr. Horace Waters closed the ceremony with Yankee Doodle. So was the christening done with fifty paid-up members and an attendance of 170. The christening gifts bought three dozen chairs, paid rent for one month and helped in numerous other ways.

Some of the out-of-town guests present were Mr. and Mrs. George Tripp, Mr. E. M. Bristol, Mrs. W. Snell, Mr. A. J. Eichoff, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Laworsen, Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Kear, of Flint, Mr. Frank Smith, of Ypsilanti, and Miss Edith Ely, of Olivet.

Refreshments were sold by attendants in white Hoover aprons and caps. This netted a large profit.

From time to time, we will let our readers know how the "infanta" is growing and its objects in life. The club will be open Saturdays and Sundays—for the present.

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Mr. John Crough is surely having his share of ill luck. We hope the thief is finally caught, who took his new car.

Prompted by a spirit of deep sorrow over the death of a fellow member in the person of the Rev. C. W. Charles, and by a sincere appreciation of the work he has rendered; be it further,

Resolved, That this Board has lost a co-worker whose influence, integrity, loyalty, and enthusiasm has made his services hard to dispense with; that his name is a landmark in the growth, success, and maintenance of the Home which stands as a monument to the honor of large-souled people; be it further,

Resolved, That in order that our recognition and appreciation be made known, a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved family; to be transcribed in the Minutes of this Board; and be published in the *Ohio Chronicle*, the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, and the *Silent Worker*.

JOHN C. WINEMILLER
ELLA A. ZELL
GEO. F. FLICK
Committee

R. P. MACGREGOR,
Secretary of the Board.

We are well aware that numerous editors before us have facilitated their descent into Avernum by criticizing feminine style. The fact, however, does not deter us from issuing a warning to deaf women and girls to beware of the cute little hats so much in style at the present time. The kind, we mean, that pull 'way down over the eyes and obstruct clear vision from the sides. A deaf girl wearing one of those hats is like a horse with a blind bridle, and is in grave danger at street crossings and other places where the full use of the eyes is needed on every side. Better be safe than stylish. We will repeat this warning if we see deaf men folks adopt hats that are equivalent to carrying the back of the head pressed against the bottom of an inverted two-gallon pail.—*The Iowa Hawkeye*.

ST. THOMAS' MISSION FOR THE DEAF

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. A. O. Stedemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.

Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.

Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:

GALLAUDET HOME

Mr. Anthony Reiff, Sr., a resident of Brooklyn, who is now in the eighty-first year of his age, and is well known to many deaf-mutes as a veteran musician, informed his son, Anthony, a graduate of Fanwood, that he had so often heard of the Gallaudet Home and wished to make it a visit. Accordingly, Anthony brought his father up here on the morning of the 19th of last July, where they remained until late in the afternoon. The old man was considerably pleased with his visit, and thought this a suitable place for such persons as it shelters.

Mrs. Jordan, the Pittsburgh milliner, was here for a week late in July, to visit her brother and sister. Her husband came with her in their sedan car.

On the 31st of July, Rev. Guibert Braddock made this place a call. Miss Estella Maxwell, a western lady, who left Gallaudet College some five years ago, and has some kind of occupation on a Brooklyn daily newspaper office, came up with him. She talked freely with most of the folks and enjoyed her visit.

While Peter J. Kiernan was visiting friends up in Poughkeepsie, in August, he concluded to make the Home a call, and did so on the 9th of that month.

The 13th of August was Mrs. Ida Countryman's birthday. She celebrated it by purchasing a tub of icecream for the whole household. It was her forty-fifth birthday. She has been here as cook since the middle of May.

Mr. W. W. Thomas, of Yonkers, visited the Home on the 28th of August. On Sunday morning, the day following, he gave a brief but interesting narrative of his recent trip out West. His twelve-year-old daughter, Margaret, was with him. She came to see Mildred Sickles, who left for Troy on Labor Day, where she dwells, so as to be ready for school. She had been here since the 20th of last June. She and Margaret are great friends.

late in August, I. N. Soper purchased a new Big Ben, eight-day, Columbia alarm clock for his own use. His watch and clock, which he has had for about a quarter of a century, are practically useless. Later on, James H. Caton purchased the same kind of a timepiece and had Mr. Soper adjust raised figures to the dial, and so, as he is blind, he finds it easy to tell the time. Over two years ago this correspondent purchased a clock like Mr. Soper's. Every inmate here has either a clock or a watch. No one can do without such a device.

On the 26th of last September, Nellie Williams, the waitress, and Lena, her sister, the chambermaid, left here abruptly, and now Cora Neiden, an eighteen-year-old maiden, has Nellie's place, while Mrs. Charlotte Gallagher has Lena's place. Mrs. Gallagher's story is quite romantic. Thirty-three years ago, when a young girl, she was a waitress here for some length of time, and learned some signs, as well as the manual alphabet, which she still uses with ease. After leaving here, she married. Somehow she lost her husband. Some of her several children are living.

In the latter part of the month of August, I wrote a letter to Willie Wyatt, a resident of Poughkeepsie, and a pupil of Fanwood, to come here and see me before it was time for him to return to school. He answered my letter by visiting me on Labor Day. With him, to my surprise and pleasure, came Jacob Gleicher, William Schurman, George Lynch, David Retzker, Isadore Feldman, Martin Smith and Harry Whiteman, who happened to be up in this section of the country on a hiking trip. These youths said they had come with Wyatt to see me. I was the only person they knew here.

There was no time to take them around, as such of them who lived in the metropolis were anxious to catch the two o'clock boat for home. They were here for about three-quarters of an hour. As soon as they arrived here, ere noon, they made acquaintance with such inmates as happened to be on the porch right away, and talked as freely with them as if they had known them for years.

On the 19th of September, Samuel Gardner and his wife took their eighteen-year-old daughter, Marca, to Albany, N. Y., in their new sedan car. The next day Marca became a student of the New York State Normal College for teachers.

Mrs. Catherine Leary arrived here from Byron, N. Y., on the 22d of September, where she had been all summer, visiting her only sister, Sarah (Mrs. Browning).

In order to help the Home somehow, in a financial way, a fair was held here on the 28th of September.

Exactly how many people were here on the day of the fair, no one seems to know, but we suppose the number was somewhat less than four hundred. One of the inmates, Franklin Keller, says he counted as many as thirty-three motor cars standing here and there on the grounds. It was, indeed, extremely gratifying for us to perceive so large a number of people—people doubtless of a charitable turn of

mind, assembled here to extend to us a helping hand. Their presence was something remarkable.

The fair was an ideal affair. Everything that was for sale, sold well; but everything, as a matter of course, did not sell. The vicar of St. Ann's Church came up from the metropolis with Miss Barrager. He purchased some vegetables and left for home early in the afternoon, while Miss Barrager remained here until the morrow. It is said that the receipts of the fair were \$25.25.

In the summer of 1892, while I was in Scranton, I made the acquaintance of a deaf-mute, named John McDonough. He came to see me at Fanwood a few years after our meeting. On the 24th of July, James H. Caton left here for Scranton and returned on the 14th of August. While in Scranton, he likewise made the acquaintance of Mr. McDonough. To my great surprise Mr. McDonough came here to see this place on the 27th of September, and remained over night. Neither I nor Caton were aware of his coming. He wonders if he will make the acquaintance of any more blind men who visit Scranton. He is a graduate of the Philadelphia school, and is in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Mr. Alexander Smith, his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Bernardt were here for the day, on the 15th of August.

The house was heated up for the first time this season on the 27th of September.

Early in the summer, Miss Young, one of the lady managers of the Home, gave Miss Martin, the matron, four snow-white rabbits. She also gave the matron a little dog. His name is Laddie, and he is a great plaything. Five years ago we had a dog, whose name was Laddie. He was given away simply because he bit one of the men, who accidentally stepped on his foot. This banished Laddie is the father of the young Laddie we now have. The other day, Mrs. John Thompson, a lady manager, gave the matron a parrot.

Miss Margaret Gallagher, who was waitress here for a few months, some four summers ago, and who became a local celebrity by swimming across the Hudson River at Newburgh, a year ago, is no relation to Mrs. Charlotte Gallagher, so the chambermaid says. Margaret is now about twenty years of age. Like Mrs. Gallagher, she is a resident of Wappingers Falls.

STANLEY.

The American Red Cross

RED CROSS DISPLAYS RECORD OF SERVICE IN ANNOUNCING NEW MEMBERSHIP ROLL CALL.

With a record of service in many fields at home and abroad, during the past year, the American Red Cross on Armistice Day, November 11th, will launch the Tenth Annual Roll Call for membership. The Roll Call will continue until Thanksgiving. People all over the country will be asked to join.

In the past year, the Red Cross rendered relief in 62 disasters at home, and more than 15 abroad. During the same period, the Red Cross assisted an average of nearly 60,000 disabled veterans and their families every month, while continuing in peace for the men still in the country's armed forces, those services which it rendered in war to the armies.

Classes in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick were conducted by Red Cross instructors in every State, including Alaska, with exception of Delaware and Nevada; instruction was also given in the Philippines, in Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. A total of 57,370 students were instructed, of which number 35,616 qualified for certificates.

Nearly 800 Red Cross Public Health nurses assisted in promoting community health throughout the United States in the past year. As a further contribution to health, Red Cross nutritionists taught proper foods for health to 114,000 children and 4,000 adults.

Approximately 20,000 persons completed the Red Cross First Aid course during the year, and received certificates after passing rigid qualification tests. They are now numbered with many other thousands in various walks of life, especially industrial, where such training may be instrumental in saving life and preventing suffering. A total membership of 102,076 trained members of the Red Cross Life Saving Corps worked for safety at the country's water-resorts the past year, 29,266 members having been trained and enrolled after qualifying during the year. Many other thousands were taught to swim.

Volunteers in this, and many other branches of Red Cross Service, assisted in making its work effective. The Junior Red Cross, numbering about 5,000,000 American school children, participated the past year in many activities at home, besides a number of foreign projects, in the interests of international friendship. In announcing the dates of the Roll Call, the Red Cross states that it is to maintain such service that membership is needed.

ST. LOUIS.

It is with great grief that the writer announces the sad news of the death of the Rev. James Henry Cloud, D. D., that occurred on Wednesday, the 20th of this month. One of the foremost leaders of the deaf in the present day, his loss will not be easily replaced. Ever a prominent figure at all local, state and national conventions of the deaf he attended, he was familiarly known to most of the deaf of the country. His travels for thirty years as missionary to the middle western deaf, also assisted in making him welcome at all gatherings. His wide and varied acquaintance with leading men made him a national figure and his views always commanded attention. A short account of his life was given in last week's issue.

Although it was known that he had been sick since last summer, with his complaint aggravated by an attack of flu, his sudden death was entirely unexpected by his friends. Not feeling well he was removed to St. Luke's Hospital on Friday, the 15th, and breathed his last there on the following Wednesday. He was conscious to the end, asking of local happenings and arranging his affairs and with the words "I am very tired" drifted off into the long sleep.

The body was prepared for burial on Saturday, but the Rt. Rev. Frederick Johnson, Bishop of Missouri and a personal friend, being desirous of conducting the funeral services, they were held on Sunday, the 24th. During the time the body laid in state in the funeral parlors, there was always a crowd of people come to pay their last respects to the deceased. They came from all parts of the city; both deaf and hearing, white and colored. Ephphatha Mission for the colored deaf had been under Rev. Cloud's care and the members came to see their minister for the last time. To his bier also came many of his out-of-town friends, among them being Dr. J. Schuyler Long of Council Bluffs, Mr. Edwin Hazel of Omaha, Rev. Flick, Ben Frank and Dr. Dougherty of Chicago, Mesdames Smith and Purdon of Little Rock, Arkansas, Rev. Koehler, of Scranton, Pa., Messrs. Heber, Redlich and Powers, of Springfield, Ill., Prof. and Mesdames Gross and Hughes and Fauquier, of Fulton, Messrs. George L. Fawker and Moholom, of Jacksonville, with others the writer did not meet.

The floral tributes were too numerous to mention. Remembrances were given by all the local societies—St. Thomas Mission and the Woman's Guild, the Mid-West Gallaudet Chapter. The Diocese and church Board, the missions that Rev. Cloud had started in Denver, Kansas City and Omaha, the Board of Education, the Missouri, Kansas and Illinois Associations of deaf, the Directors of the Illinois Home and others. Floral pieces were sent from friends scattered over the country. Telegrams of sympathy and regret over inability to attend the final obsequies came likewise. Everything pointed to the fact that the deaf realized they had lost a great and true friend. Flowers of all kinds were sent in by personal friends among the deaf and hearing till all rooms were filled to overflowing. Among the most touching was one from the Ephphatha Mission to the colored deaf. Rev. Cloud had started this Mission and was built it up into a permanent meeting place for them. Their floral offering represented real labor and sacrifice on their part, doubly handicapped as they are by loss of hearing and race. Yet it was freely given as a token of their love to their minister.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. Barth, of the Board of Education, former fire-chief Henderson, a personal friend of the deceased, J. H. Burgherr of the Missouri Ass'n of the Deaf, Aug. Rodenberger of the Ill. Ass'n, Arthur Brockman, the Warder and A. O. Steidemann the lay-reader of St. Thomas Mission. The body was taken from the funeral parlors after a short prayer by Rev. Koehler to Christ Church Cathedral under an escort of motorcycle police, where full funeral honors were paid to Rev. Cloud as a noted Episcopal minister gone to his reward. The large Cathedral was crowded to the doors when the coffin was brought before the altar, preceded by the Bishop with a vested choir and representatives from the city Episcopal clergy. Bishop Johnson read the prayers, the Rev. Edmund Duckworth the psalms and Canon C. E. Remick the lesson. Miss Pearl Herdman interpreted for the deaf. Rev. Flick and Koehler were accorded seats with the clergy in the service. In another page will be found an account given in the local dailies.

At the conclusion of the services, the cortège, with the police escort in advance, went to Memorial Park cemetery. The grave was on top of a mound, from which part of the city could be seen. Here where all gathered, with a blustery wintry wind blowing, the final rites of the dead. Rev. Flick and Koehler were accorded seats with the clergy in the service. In another page will be found an account given in the local dailies.

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Edwin Teweles of Milwaukee, drove in on the 16th, with "Doctor" Jones and wife. They then went on to St. Louis, where Teweles will meet his wife coming from an inspection of the Wright Oral school in New York where their two daughters are studying; and they will look over Dr. Goldstein's St. Louis rig-out with a view to possibly transferring their daughters to that school. Teweles is connected with the L. Teweles Seeds Co., in Milwaukee, a firm left by his father and run by his hearing brother.

Mrs. Jennie Gallagher—who spent last winter in California, and has been living with her son on the North side since last July—is said to be about to leave for a winter in Florida.

Gilbert Erickson addressed the Pas-a-Pas club "lit" on the 23d.

Miss Goldie Newman's "Owls" blow-out at Marshall Fields, scheduled for the 23d, was postponed to the 6th when Fields closed, owing to the death of John Shedd, head of the church.

grave covered with the last tokens from his friends, he was left as it were still able to see the city where he had so long labored. Of him it may well be said: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

May he rest in peace.

CHICAGO.

Nine little fraters, sitting in a row, Formed Division Number ONE two dozen years ago—

Nine little fraters—only four are here:

Three hundred brothers rise to give the faithful four a cheer.

This issue will reach most of our Chicago subscribers the afternoon of Saturday, November 6th. By that time all available plates for the 25th birthday banquet of Division No. 1, N. F. S. D., may or may not be taken.

A splendid program has is assured—despite the apparent effort of some one to wreck it by persuading at least one of my star "sign-singers" to back out. The new Eastern-style of banquets—depending more on vaudeville features than on old-style speeches—will have its first local work-out. It is a strictly Chicago affair, and Chicago has the honors in responding to toasts. "Old Timers" predominate; in fact it is more of a celebration for those battle-scarred "Old Timers" than for the younger element who now bear our burdens. Past Grand President Jacob J. Kleinham, of Niles, Michigan, is guest of honor—by reason of his having been both local and Grand president.

If you have not reserved your plate yet, perhaps you may able to get one tonight. But I doubt it.

The 11th annual ball of the Central Oral Club at Belmont Hall, October 23d, took 132 tickets at the door. The Federated Blind Boys orchestra played for the twelve numbers, closing promptly at midnight. A nice time was enjoyed, the beauty and brave of oraldom turning out, with a sprinkling of signers. Werner A. Schultz was chairman, and saw that no unpleasant incidents occurred.

That same evening the Silent A. C. held a small barn dance party, and the Pas-a-Pas club a "lit." Both were sparsely attended, due to inclement weather.

Miss Gussie Lieberman managed thirteen tables of bunco and "500" at the Chicago Hebrew League, October 17th. This organization holds its annual ball at Roosevelt Hall on the 20th.

Rev. George Flick is printing his monthly *All Angels' Church Bulletin*, on postals. October issue states: Our church is being cleaned and decorated at the expense of the Greek congregation of St. Constantine. They have been using the church since May, and expect to remain with us until their new building is ready for them, which they hope will be about Christmas.

The same day that Rev. Cloud died, Benajah Robert Nordyke passed away in LaPorte, Ind., aged 92-93 just January. That probably makes him the country's oldest deaf man.

Dr. George Dougherty, Ben Frank, and Rev. George Flick were the only Chicagoans to attend the funeral of Rev. Dr. James H. Cloud, in St. Louis, on the 24th. Frank went as the representative of the Board Managers of the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf of which Dr. Cloud was a member.

Pretty Miss Florence Ernest, formerly Mrs. Otto Mallman, married her third handsome young hubby on the 23d, when she became the wife of a Chi-Oral-106 member—Albert Rensman.

Miss Sadie Crooks, a popular young oralist, who has for several years owned and run a successful beauty shop on the South Side, at 402 West 63d Street—is engaged to John Brown, a charter member of Chi-Oral-106. Looks almost as though as soon as those youngsters get an insurance policy, they look around for a suitable beneficiary to have it issued in favor of. And of course no sensible girl is going to turn down a healthy, handsome man, who has a fat insurance policy.

The progressive "500" crowd met at the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Thierman, on Friday night, October 15th. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lynch came all the way from Salem, Ore., fifty miles away, to take in the game. Mrs. Chas. Lynch and Mr. Wm. Cooke made the highest score and each got a prize.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Tussing are praised for the good time, were Mrs. W. Lee, Chairman; Mrs. B. L. Craven, Mrs. Geo. Kreidt, Mrs. C. Greenwald, and Miss Helen Moller.

The Ladies of the S. F. L. Club held their monthly luncheon on Wednesday, October 20th, at the home of Mrs. B. L. Craven. The progressive "500" crowd met at the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Thierman, on Friday night, October 15th. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lynch came all the way from Salem, Ore., fifty miles away, to take in the game. Mrs. Chas. Lynch and Mr. Wm. Cooke made the highest score and each got a prize.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Scott are home again, after a week's happy sojourn at the latter's parental home in Wellandport, and also took a side trip to Niagara Falls, to witness the International Plowing Matches.

Miss Marion Powell, invited a number of her young friends to a little party at her parental home on October 18th, in honor of her guest, Miss Ross Brigham, of Ottawa, and a pleasant time was reported.

Miss Muriel Allen and Mr. James Tate were in Hamilton over the weekend of October 9th, visiting the former's parents.

Over here in Toronto we have some well-known deaf inventors, and among them we might single out Mr. Chester Pickard, for instance. In their beautiful home, down on Queen Street, one can behold many novelties as proof of his great genius.

Among these is a morning "call clock," that will call you up at the hour you desire to rise. It has an apparatus so invented, that by simply attaching it to a wiring, it will turn on all the electric lights in your room the moment the clock hand comes to the desired hour you have named. Another clock in the kitchen is wound up nightly in a twinkling by simply pulling a string gently downward. Mr. Pickard modestly smiles at all the praise he gets from interested admirers of his enterprises.

The reporter has just heard of the marriage, on August 21st, of Miss Grace Fraser, daughter of the late Mr. Philip Fraser, to Mr. John McLaurin, a well-known dentist of this city. They were married at Hillsboro, N. Y., and are living on Burnside Drive, in this city. Congratulations.

On October 18th, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts were invited for tea by Mr. and Mrs. Neil A. McGillivray, ostensibly on purpose. After tea they were conducted upstairs into the library, where they spent a while, and in the meantime the lower section was quietly invaded by a host of admiring friends and, when all was ready, those upstairs thought it time to seek the cozy corners of the parlor, so down they came, and as Mrs. Roberts stepped into the darkened room, the lights were flashed on and there she stood perplexed and dumbfounded.

Suddenly her mind reminded her that it was her natal day, but could not realize that she had been so honored. After the focus had been cleared, Mr. W. R. Watt, in a jovial way, rose and explained why they had gathered, then Mrs. McGillivray stepped forward and presented Mrs. Roberts with a beautiful Boston bag, on behalf of those present and others unable to come.

Mrs. Roberts was pleased to state that Miss Dorothy Byrne is much improved and gaining much flesh, but as yet is unable to walk. However, we sincerely trust she will continue to improve.

Miss Rosa Brigham, of Ottawa, arrived here on October 14th, for a couple weeks' visit with Miss Marion Powell and other friends.

Mrs. A. C. Shepherd was down to the Belleville School over the weekend of October 16th, to see her son and find out what he required from home.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Pickard were lucky enough to win a prize of two dollars

PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS

The constant increase in population, the growth of great cities, the expansion of industry and the advance of the standards of human comforts, all these have meant an expansion in public utility service which offers an ever widening field for secure and profitable investment.

The investor, whether an individual, trustee or society, who seeks permanence in value and a sure, attractive income, will find carefully selected public utility bonds ideal for his purpose.

Connecticut Power & Light Co.	4½% due 1956	96½
Associated Electric Co.	5½% due 1946	95¾
Northern Ohio Power & Light Co.	5½% due 1951	92½
Penn-OHIO Power & Light Co.	6% due 1939	100
Toho Electric Power Co. (Japan)	6% due 1929	98½
		Ask for descriptive circulars

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

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Silent Oriole Club

Saturday Evening, November 27, 1926
8:30 till midnight
GOOD MUSIC

SCHANZE'S HALL

Pennsylvania and North Avenues

Baltimore, Md.

Cars No. 13, 31, 18, 2, 1, and 32 reach the hall.

Admission - - - 50 Cents

COMMITTEE

Michael Weinstein, Chairman
Abe Omansky Roland L. Stultz
Abe Stern John Fielder

The club opens at 7:30 P.M. on Sunday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.
326 West Franklin Street

ANNUAL BAL MASQUE

TENDERED BY
Silent Athletic Club of Philadelphia

AT

TURNGEMEINDE HALL
Broad Street and Columbia Avenue
PHILADELPHIA

Saturday evening, November 6, 1926

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

MUSIC BY CASH PRIZES

COLLEGIANS FOR COSTUMES

COMMITTEE:

Joseph V. Donohue, Chairman
242 W. Lehigh Street
William L. Smith, Secretary
5114 Darrah Street

F. J. O'Donnell B. J. McGinley
William Margolis

RESERVED

Lexington Alumni Assn.

FEBRUARY 19, 1927

Watch for details

RESERVED FOR

V. B. G. A.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1927.

The NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSUR- ANCE COMPANY

Provides for your family and for yourself with policy contracts not excelled in all the world.

No discrimination against deaf-mutes. No charge for medical examination.

Can You Ask More?

When you think of Savings, go to a Bank. When you think of Life Insurance plus savings, write or see—

MARCUS L. KENNER
Eastern Special Agent
200 West 111th Street, New York.

CHINATOWN REVEL

Auspices of the

Xavier Ephpheta Society

To be held on

Saturday, Nov. 27, 1926

Seven-thirty P.M.

AT

XAVIER SCHOOL HALL

122-124 West 17th St., near 6th Ave.

New York City

MUSIC AND DANCING

Chink Costume—Chop Sticks—Chop Suey—Charleston Competition

Other Features

Admission, 50 Cents

COMMITTEE

Julius Kieckers Aug. Bernhardt
Joseph Edwin

Everybody Welcome

RESERVED FOR THE

Woman's Parish Aid Society of St.

Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes.

JANUARY 15, 1927

Mrs. J. H. McCluskey,

Chairman.

Comic Vaudeville

Auspices W. P. A. S.

at

St. Ann's Guild House

511 West 148th Street

Saturday, Nov. 27

at 8:30 P.M.

Best Actors and Actresses

Admission - 50 cents

Refreshments on Sale

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D. meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday on each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write: Louis Cohen, Secretary, 125 Pulaski Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY of the Deaf, meets at the Deaf-Mutes Union League, 143 West 125th Street, New York City, first Monday of each month. For information write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New York.

Bronx Division, No. 92

Meets at Visa Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue. Regular business meetings on the first Monday of each month, at 8 P.M. For information write to Louis C. Saracino, Secretary, 684 East 136 Street, Bronx, N. Y.

Hebrew Association of the Deaf, Inc.

Room 403-117 West 46th St., New York

OBJECTS.—To unite all deaf people of the Jewish faith; to promote their religious, social and intellectual advancement and to give aid in time of need. Meets on third Sunday of each month. Room open Wednesday and Friday nights, and Sunday, all day. Charles Sussman, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 117 West 46th Street, New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Second Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Max Miller, President; Joseph Mortiller, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB

ORGANIZED 1882
INCORPORATED 1891

ROOM 307-S, 81 W. VAN BUREN STREET,
CHICAGO

Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club. Stated Meetings First Saturdays Wm. A. Heagie, President. Gilbert O. Erickson, Secretary. Literary Circle Fourth Saturdays Wm. McCann, Chairman.

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions Second and Third Saturdays

Address all communications in care of the Club. Rooms open: Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

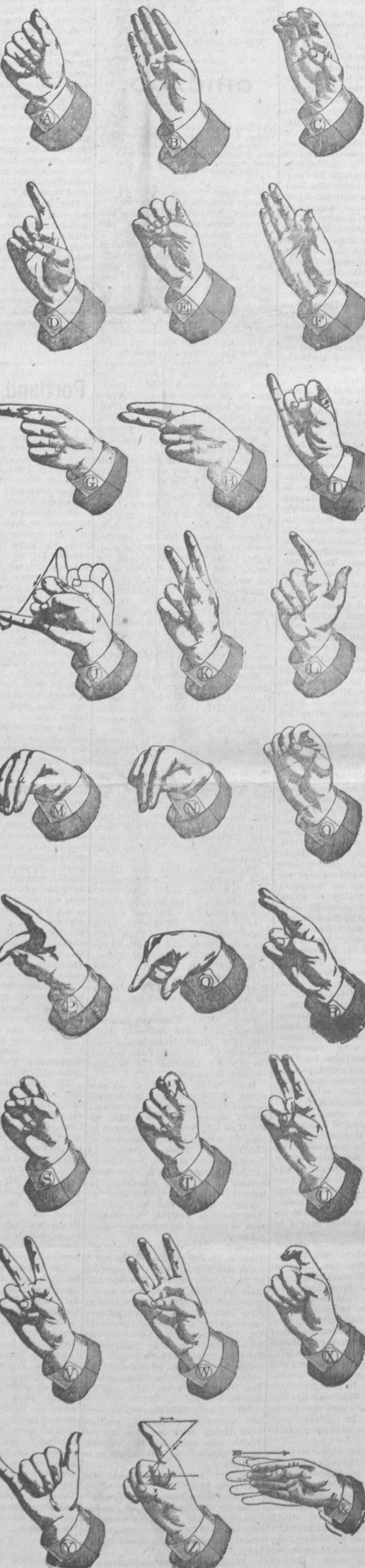
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FAIR

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Woman's Parish Aid Society

In the Guild Room of

ST. ANN'S CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

511 West 148th Street, New York City

Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
November 11, 12, 13, 1926

Afternoon and Evening from 2:30 until 11 o'clock

ADMISSION, 10 CENTS

ALICE E. JUDGE, Chairman

Come One! Come All!

TO OUR

PRIZE MASQUERADE BALL

GIVEN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The Detroit Chapter Michigan Association of the Deaf

AT

I. O. O. F. Riverside Temple

Hubbard Avenue, Cor. Baker Street

On Saturday, November 13th, 1926

\$50.00 in Prizes for Best Costumes—Most Comical and Original Masqueraders. \$50.00

ADMISSION, 50 CENTS
CHECKING, 10 CENTS

Don't forget to bring your friends Refreshments served at the Hall.

How to GET THERE—Take Baker Street car to Hubbard Avenue, Dix Avenue car to Hubbard Avenue. Grand Belt car to Dix, Corner Junction Avenue, four blocks, walk south. Forest car to Hubbard Avenue, four blocks, walk east. Lafayette Motor Bus to Hubbard Avenue.

IVAN HEYMANSOHN, Chairman.

FIRST BIG SOCIAL EVENT OF THE SEASON:

MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

MASQUERADE BALL

Odd Fellows' Memorial Hall

Corner Nevins and Schermerhorn Streets, Brooklyn

Saturday Evening, November 20th, 1926

EXCELLENT MUSIC

Cash Prizes for Most Original, Comic, Fancy Costume

ADMISSION—(Including Wardrobe)—ONE DOLLAR

DIRECTIONS: Interborough East or West Side Subway, get off at Nevins Street. B. M. T. Subway, get off at DeKalb Ave. Station.

COMMITTEE

MOSHE W. LOEW, Chairman

ABRAHAM HYMES

MARCUS L. KENNER

ARNOLD A. COHN

HENRY KURZ

RESERVED FOR THE

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

JANUARY 22, 1927

[FULL PARTICULARS LATER.]

JACK M. EBIN, Chairman

2089 Vyse Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

CHARLES J. SANFORD

Member No. 23, N. F. S. D.

12 John Street, New York

Room 64

Telephone Cortland 1083